Ch. 3

An angel sets a reactor in motion

"A little bit of heaven fell from the sky one day.

"It looked so peaceful sitting there, the angels let it stay."

At a much later date, one of them on a detour found it again, and decided to investigate. It wasn(t as peaceful as it looked.

It was really hotter than an atomic pile, just waiting for someone's hand to pull the reactor and set the spark flying. This angel was not only on a detour, but bored with his assignment and looking for excitement, so he pulled it.

As soon as he was out of sight, the eavesdroppers left their shelter, and sat on the rock, where Gormac continued the argument for aid to Ireland. He had a good argument too, and he made the best of it by taking his listeners on a verbal tour through Irish history. If he had had a time machine and had been able to take his visitors to the scenec of each event as it happened in history, Gormac they would not have seen clearer pictures of the country's fight against British oppresion than the ones he conjured up with his words. As he finished the summary, Lou and Tari were well exposed to Anit- English pro- Irish doctrines. But Lou was still a little doubtful of Gormac's sources of information. He said.

"Mo, this is quite a story you've just given us, but is it all tru? Sounds like a lot of propaganda to me. Sure, but one country couldn't have had such a radioactive deal from England all through its history. Are you sure that the natives aren't overcharging a few points??"

"The divil, they are! Evryword I told you is true. You ve only to explore the pages of the history books to verify me facts. Keenan O'Donnel is a man of honor and does not lie. If you don' t believe me, his words, look them for yourself in a library."

"No thanks boy, that's not for us. We don't intend to get intercepted between native bookshelves. Libraries aren't in our scouting areas. How come you know so much about them. Do you read books?"

" Well, I'll tell you lad. It8s like this,O'donnel was a great one for reading and stydying in his youth, and he used to bring many books to read on pleasant days when he lingered by this rock. Sometimes he'd hide them in a hollow stump near the entrance to me residence.I'd sneak them away, dechiper them and put them back without his ever bein' wiser. Most of them were written in the old tongue so I could understand them. Besides, there our own people have handed down tales of this land under bondage. There was a time when ita citizens were laid so low that many of them died right in sight of our ancestors well concealed homes. Why, me own forefathers have often told how they helped the poor devil by stealin' cows from the English and leavin' them in the camps of the starvi natives. Many more than one of the race of Danaan was saved by us of the leprechaun." Gormac was startled by the reaction the name of an ancient race had on the space scouts.Lou grabbed him by the shoulders.

"Danaan race! What did they have to do with Ireland?Those boys come from my territry,too. How do they rate here?"

"quite high me boy.Accordin' to the legends, The Tuatha de Danaan were a race of giant men who came to Erin in clouds of smoke. Some say they came by sea from the East,and others claim them to be Gods fallen comes from Heaven. That last very near to the story you told us about our own people. Maybe those old legends were more true than we ever knew. The Danaan, are said to be the ancestors of the big natives like Keenan and Katie."

The mention of the Tuatha de Danaan was all Lou and Tari needed to clinch their decision. Lou said.

"A descendant of the Danaans is a friend of the Lupies on any planet. Were in with you Mac. How about that Tari?"

"I should say so, on a positive forceline. That poor woman,forty years old but still forced by politics to remain negative to that warm sparkly feeling a gal gets when her one and only shoots his current plug into her socket. Wiraistru,wiraistru. What a damn dirty shame! If I was traveling on that circuit,I8d blow a fuse in frustration."

It's bad enough just hearing about it. Honest Lou I'm hot as a pile, just thinking about. How about leveling off my tension point, Aren't you in the mood to fuse a few alectrons from watching the Danaan's self denial."

"Sure, anytime I'm not, you can bet I' m sick. But aren't you hovering near the critical zone. Isn't it just about time to hit the plateau?"

"Just about but not quite. We still have time for a few more spark shooting sessions. Let' s have one now if it's all right with Mac and Morna.

" Sure, it's alright with us if it don't take you longer than an hour or tow, for by then the moon will be down and It'll be time to carry out our plan. Morna and I'll wait for you behind this bush. There's a nice bit of turf behind this rock for recreation activity such as you might have in mind."

"Thanks, pal, come on baby, let's have us a spark flying session and fuse some electrons on the shamrock studded soil of Dark Rosaleen."

As the sparkd flew behind the rock, Gormac and Morna s curiousity got beyond the control sone so they peeked over their bush and satisfyied it. Gormac said. "Well, and didn't I think what with all that strange talk and their bein' from another world, that they'd have a more modern technique, but from here it looks the same as the one we used when we were young and tramping shamrocks into the turf."

"It does that," agreed Morna. "Sure and I guess that even in their land, science has yet to find a better substitute for the favorite pastime of the young. And what's the matter with you, Gormac? Are ye so sad and feeble now that the sight doesn't put ye in the m ood. "

"Don't be daft, woman, the mood is hard upon me, but at my age it's best to conserve me strngth for the task ahead. As sorely temted as we are, let s think of our plan to safeguard Dark Rosaleens future and keep our minds off the pleasures of her soft green bed." Gormac and his wife phifted thier thoughts pack to politics and left them there until it was time to go into action. They walkee over to the now, dozing Lupies and poked them awake.

"Come along, now, buachallini, you've had your fun. Time now to think of another fellow and set the reactor in motion to give Keenan his brideright and free Gormac from his geasa."

M.Morris
Eng. 104
Werry

Possible title: Oggles in the Box

SSS

Chapter Four

Harvey Fitzmorris sat down at his desk and pulled his pipe out for a few puffs of refreshment before starting his day's work at Scotland Yard's Missing Persons Division. He felt contented and relaxed. The fog had lifted, a yellow glow flooded London's streets, and Harvey felt as if some of the sunshine had been absorbed into his own veins.

London was beautiful this morning, from his office window, the skyline looked as peaceful as an old etching framed in oak. The noise of the street traffic didn't reach him to disturb the illusion, only the ringing telephone brought him from under his pipe smoke cloud.

He stood the pipe in its humidor rack and answered the phone, "Scotland Yard, Missing Persons, Inspector Fitzmorris speaking."

"This is Philip Mountbatten at Buckingham Palace. Can you get over here quickly. Something quite irregular has occurred."

Fitzmorris nearly dropped the receiver. "Y, yes sir, in a mo. Something irregular, you say. of course I'll be there." His reverie was over, jamming on his hat, he killed the pipe fire and left the office. The streets were still sunny but he no longer noticed them. His vision was clouded with curiousity. What could have happened at Buck House to put the Duke on a direct wire to the yard? The inspector wondered if he should have brought another man along, he hadn't even told the others where he was going. Oh, well, plenty of time for all that when he found out what had happened.

As he entered the Palace yard, he was meet by a Guard who took him up to the third floor and into the Royal nursery. Two women stood near the door crying. He recognized the royal nurses, Mrs. Lightbody and Mrs. Anderson. The queen was there, too, sitting on a small rumpled bed, with a handkerchief twisted around her hand. A teddy bear was propped against a pillow as the bed's only occupant, other than the queen who was pale and appeared nervous.

The Duke stood next to her but as soon as the inspector came to the door, he left her side to greet him and bring him into the room. The Guard stood at attention just outside the door. The Duke closed the door and spoke to Fitzmorris. "You came in record time, Inspector."

"Your message sounded terribly urgent."

"It was," The Duke's haggard face underlined his words. "The children and Princess Margaret are gone."

"Are you sure?"

"We searched the Palace. The Guards have looked in every room and closet."

"It's a beautiful morning. Perhaps the Princess took them for an outing."

Mrs. Lightbody Anderson sobbed out loud. "Oh, if it was only as simple as all that! But the Princess would hardly have taken them out at such an early hour. We found the beds empty at dawn."

"The Princess has been known to be somewhat unpredictable at times."

"Not that unpredictable," said the Queen. "Margaret would never take them out of the Palace with our permission and she is not in the habit of rising at dawn." The Queen went on to explain to Fitzmorris that at first they had thought the children might have awaken early and slipped out of the nursery to see their Aunt, who was staying at Buck House for a few days. But when they found Margaret Rose gone, they started to worry, and when they found the note they came close to panic. Mrs. Lightbody made the most ominous discoveries though, the ones that made them decide to call the Yard.

"Oh, Inspector Fitzmorris, I knew something was wrong when. I saw the cosmetics undisturbed on the Princess' dressing table, with the note lying in front of her brush and comb, but when I saw Charles' teddy bear still on the bed, I knew the worst. He would never go for a walk without his teddy bear, nor would the Princess leave the Palace in her nigh nightclothes. Their sleeping clothes are not here but none of the others are missing. Do you think they could have been kidnapped?"

ch 4

She spoke the thought that had charged the room with tension. The inspector fumbled with his pipe in an attempt to light it and appear calm and self confident. He wanted to say something reassuring but couldn't force the words. Things looked too ominous. "You say you found a note?"

"Yes, it was lying on Margaret's dressing table. It's illegible to us. Can you make anything of it?" The Duke handed Fitzmorris a square of paper that he scrutinized, with the thoroughness of Sherlock Holmes.

"Hmm, appears to be of a fine quality paper. The language isn't the standard Phonecian derived alphabet, though," He tensed, "You don't think?"

"No, I don't think it's Russian and it's certainly not Greek." The Duke answered the inspector's unspoken thought.

The Scotland Yard man was stymied by the note and could make no more sense over it than the others, so he suggested calling in a language and code expert at Scotland Yard. The language expert was no help either. Big Ben bonged the noon hour. The children and their aunt had been gone since dawn. There was no explanation except an unreadable scrap of paper. The Duke had understated when he spoke of something irregular occuring. It was more than irregular, It was extraordinary.

Mrs. Lightbody waited until Queen Elizabeth left the nursery to notify her mother and tell her of the situation, before she aimed her fear heavy words at the Inspector and his man. "They've been kidnapped. It's as simple as that. This is a ransom note and you know it." Her eyes raked over the detectives who admitted she was right.

"Of course we know it, but how could we tell her majesty. You just don't tell the queen such news without any prelimenaries. Until we've investigated more thoroughly we can make no positive statement. We can't take it upon ourselves to tell the queen her children and sister are kidnapped until we have more tangible evidence."

"The little ones are gone, so is their Aunt. This note is left in their place. What more evidence do you need? I hope Scotland Yard

you gentlemen don't intend to scan the palace with a magnifying glass before you take some action."

"Certainly not. The Yard has already taken action just by being here. As soon as this note is dechiphered, we'll know our course." Fitzmorris and his man tried to put the lady in her place and calm her fears at the same time. To hear her talk, one would think she was in charge of the situat situation. The Duke saw the angry glances pass from the Woman to the two Sherlocks. He told her not to worry, that she must remain poised for the sake of her queen and country, excused himself and the Yard men from the nursery and took them to his private office. Once inside he lost some of his self assurance. His fingers drummed the desk and he chain smoked three sigarettes as he examined the note again. It was as cryptic as ever.

"There's only one avenue of approach open to us. We must secure the advice of a professor of ancient and obscure languages." He telephone d the Royal Academy of Arts and Sciences and made his request. In less than half an hour such a man was ushered into his office. He was an expert in long dead tongues and ancient languages. He carried a large dictionary like volume on a collapsible cx wheeled cart with him. The professor scrutinized the note and consulted the volume. By the time the Duke and the detectives had smoke two more cigarettes, he found his objective.

"Gentlemen, this script is similar to the ancient ogham writing of the Gaelic language. I can identify it but I can't translate it. Gaelic was never my strong point, but I do know of a man who can help you, an old Irishman, Shawn Mac Mahon the Senachy of Donegal."

"Senachy? "

" Irish story teller," the professor enlightened the inspector.

"Oh," The Inspector acknowledged the enlightenment.

He gave the senachy's address to the Duke, who thanked him and his assistant for their help and called a Guard to escort them out of the Palace and to a cab.

The man left wondering why he had been called in the first place. He had few enough calls to identify ogham script even among his Irish colleagues. He had never expected such a request from Buckingham Palace, but he didn't question it. Perhaps the Duke was doing some sort of research.

He was right in a way. The Duke and Fitzmorris left the Palace a few minutes later, after Prince Philip gave orders to the staff to keep Buck House running as if the situation was still normal. He told his wife to sit tight til he phoned from Donegal. Then he and the two detectives left the Palace grounds in his sprot's car. He dropped the code expert off at Scotland Yard with instructions to do nothing til he heard from Fitzmorris. Then the two of them went to the hanger where the Prince's light plane was kept. He telephoned for and got permission to cross the Eire border and land in Donegal before he and his companion boarded the plane.

As he circled over Donegal near the home of the senachy, Prince Philip picked a clear field that would make a good landing strip and used it as such. It was close enough to Mac Mahon s house for them to see the figure of a man standing in the yard. He had been watching the plane as it landed, and its passengers approached. He walked over to them and identified himself.

"My name is Shawn Mac Mahon and I welcome you to Donegal. It's not every day that I have guests dropping from the sky to pay me a visit." He looked closely at the Duke. "Aren't you the young man who's married to the English queen?"

" Yes, I'm Philip Mountbatten and this is Inspector Harvey Fitzmorris of Scotland Yard." He introduced the inspector and the senachy shook hands with both of them.

"And what brings me this honor, gentlemen?"

"This, can you tranlate it for us?" Philip handed him the note and

the senachy glanced over it."It will take a bit of studying but I thi nk I can oblige you. Won't you come into the house and make yourselves comfortable while I wait?" They accepted hi s invitation and his wife served a lunch while he worked on the note. His eyes narrowed and he frowned but he seemed to be getting results.

"Prince Philip, if what I'm reading is what it seems to be,yourself and the Inspector had better stay seated while I translate it to you."

"Bad news?"

"Depends on your viewpoint. Here's what it says,'Let all who look upon this writing know,that Charles,Anne,and Margaret Rose,son,daughter and sister of Elizabeth Windsor,reigning queen of England,are held as hostage for the return of the counties Antrim,Armagh,Cavan,Derry, Fermanagh,and Monaghan to the aching arms of their bereaved queen Cathleen,daughter of Houlan. If they are not returned to her by the coming Week of Easter, Queen Elizabeth,daughter of George, will never embrace her missing kin in this world again.And furthermore,if harm comes to any one of the kin of Queen Cathleen,who are the people of the Irish race,the same injury will be given the hostages. Gormac of the Bog.'"

"MY God,What does it mean?" Fitzmorris was alarmed,The words sounded threatening. The senachy said.

"It means that someone has taken a very drastic step to bring the Partition question to the Queen's attention."

"Partition?"

"Yes,Partition,the separation,by British law,of these six Ulster counties from Eire."

"Oh,yes,I understand it's quite a sore point between Britain and Eire."

"It is that," said the senachy.

"This Gormac took quite a bit on himself when he kidnapped my children and sister-in-law. My wife won't be happy to hear of it."

"Neither will the Prime Minister. He should be notified of this at once."

And so should the Taoiseach." Said the senachy.

"Taoiseach?"

"Yes, the teeshuck, the prime Minister ofl Eire,Mr. De Valera."

"Do you have a telephone?"

"I do."

"Do you mind if I use it?"

"Not at all. Go right ahead."

The Duke put the call through to the Palace and spoke to the Queen. He told her only that the children and their aunt were unharmed, but not that they were hostages. Then he put in another call, this to number 10 Downing Street, to the Prime Minister, Winston Churchill. a request for him to alert the ministers of the British Parliament for a special meeting with himself and the Queen at Buckingham Palace when the Duke returned from Donegal. Fitzmorris then called the code expert at Scotland Yard and told him to alert the staff for special duty. Then the Duke Philip thanked the Senachy for his assistance and hospitality and made one more request.

"Mr. Mac Mahon, I'd jolly well appreciate it, if you'd be kind enough to tell Mr. De Valera of this incident yourself. As a representitive of the British goverment I don't want to take it on myself to be the bearer of this info unless it's through the proper diplomatic channels."

The Senachy walked the two men back to the plane. Just as he was about to climb into the cockpit, Fitzmorrsi said to Mac Mahon, "If I were you, old man, I'd tell Mr. De Valera to try to find Gormac of the Boy in a hurry. It might save Eire a lot of bother."

"It might save England even more bother." The Senachy understood more than the Inspector suspected, for as soon as he saw the plane lift itself into the air and head for the Partition zone, he headed back to the house to make a few more phone calls. The first to Belfast, to the editorial offices of the Voice of the Harp. As soon as he got O'Donnel on the line he gave him the scoop and some advice.

"If you want to stay free and in business, Keenan, You'd better move yourself and the Voice out of Ulster. Your last editorial was hot

enough to make you prime suspect for this deed."

"Sure,you don't think that I'm Gormac do you now,Shawn?"

"I do not. If you had the power to steal into a Palace and spirit the children and Margaret right out from under the noses of the nurses,the guards,and ~~Scotland Yard~~ the Yard,you'd not have bothered the royal family. You'd have kidnapped the Prime Minister and his Cabinet. But Scotland Yard might think you know who Gormac is and where he hid the hostages."

"If I did, I'd roast in Hell before I'd tell them."

"That I know,too, but why put yourself in the position to get toasted. Come to Donegal and twang your Harp here.Gormac may need help and you'd hardly be able to give in jail. And at that,Keenan,do you have any idea who Gormac might be?"

"He might be the angel I prayed for last night to come down from Heaven and help our cause."

"He might be that. ~~He's more than clever and certainly obliging.~~ The teeshuck will be most interested in hearing of his activities,and so will some others I know. Goodbye Keenan,get yourself here,before the Duke gets to Parlaiment."

"I'll do that,Shawn,you'll have guests for supper. Give my best to the Teeshuck."

Mac Mahon ended that call and made another,not to Dublin yet,but long distance to a relative in Argintina.He passed the scoop along and gave the word alert the Hibernian ~~Ex~~ Latin American Hibernian organizations. Then he made the Dublin connection,to the Dail Eireann,the Irish Parlaiment, to the office of the Taoiseach.

" Dev," He said,"This is Mac of Donegal."Who do you know on the Dail who has the power of an angel?"

"No one,Shawn."

"Well,then,Eire has a new ally." The Senachy told the teeshuck of his visitors and their message. The taoiseach was impressed ~~but somewhat~~ worried.

"Our new ally is a bit impulsive.He should have informed the Doll before he acted,we could have given him some advice.

"But since angels have a habit of acting directly and not on the instructions of mortals, we can only take his example as a good one to follow and act directly ourselves."

So, they do , and so will the Dail, for I've more than a slight suspicion that when the news gets to him, Mr. Churchill, may be quite disturbed enough about it to try to enough to cause some bother to Eire.

"There is no reason to think otherwise, is there now, Dev."

"There is not, Shawn. Thank you for your call. Goodbye Shawn and God Bless you. (Get this in Gaelic if possible.)" De Valera hung up and put in a new connection, to the President of Eire, ..., asking him to come over as soon as he could .While he waited he made a few more phone call

He had just completed the last one, when the President came in. He Read a copy of the translation and gave his opinion.

"DEv, this might have reprecussions that could cause Eire more than a little discomfort., if we don't at quickly. There's nothing like being better than preparing for rain when a storm cloud's sighted. Do you have the telephone number of the League in New York?"

"I have that and more, but don't bother yourself. The calls were made while you were on the way over here. By the time the Duke tells reads Mac's translation of that note to the Queen Elizabeth wife and her cabinet, the telephone in every office of the Gaelic League, and the Sons of St. Patrick, the Clan na Gael and will have alerted its members to their duties as protectors of the rights of Queen Cathleen." The Teeshuck of Eire looked down at his telephone and stroked it. He smiled at the President of Eire. "This is a wonderful invention, Mr. Mc Bride."

"It is indeed, Mr. De Valera, and that's no word of a lie, at all."

As the Duke of Edinburge was reading the translation of the oghamscript note to his wife and her Prime Minister and Parliamentary ministers in the room of Buckingham Palace, In the room of the Dail Eireann the Teeshuck of Eire and the Sein Finn assembled and sat down to read the horoscope of Queen Cathleen. The Sons of Destiny were worried for fear the negative influences of the Star and Garter would bring negative reactions to the Daughter of Houlan.

"The teeshuck said to the Sein Finn," Gentlemen, we are in a situation that is the first of it's kind in history. I wish the support of every one of you, whether we are in politiacal agreement or not, we must act as a unit. I wish to paraphrase the words of a great patriot as I say to you The Fianna must act in unity or it will fail Ireland forever. We must be united as one man instead of many. We must think of ourselves as a man protecting his beloved but common law wife against the cruel laws that bind him to an unloved mate but deny him the right to marry his own blood flesh. We have been wedded to an alien, we had two choices, a shotgun wedding or jail. We took the lesser of the two evils, but the time has come now for every man with the blood of Queen Kathleen in his veins to divorce himself from the binds that tie us to Elizabeth. Yes I know, Divorce is unlawful in the Isles ecept on the grounds of adultery, but doesn't every man here know that in his heart he has practiced adultery for seven hundred years?? As an English King once coveted another wife but could not have her because of the laws of the church, given by God but interpeted by Man So he changed those laws to suit himself. He gerrymandered the Word of God, so that he could satisfy he penal urges. And he did just that. By twisting words to his own advantages, Henry the Eighh threw out Catherine, Took on Anne and force Elizabeth I and her penal codes on Kathleen ni houlihan and the Irish race. But let metell you, men of Destiny, what is good for one is not always good for another. We too, in our soon to be delicate position could gerrymander the thruth to suit the Sein Finn's advantages but I am not Henry the Eigth, I am Eamon De Valera, and I shall fight my queen's battle's with the torch of the truth which is God. Do not look surprised, men of the Sein

When I say God is the truth. For didn't he say it himself,during his short stay on Earth in the body of Jesus Christ, Our Lord. And can't those words themselvew be found in the New Teatament as the ones that begin Whosever believeth in me shall have life everlasting..and ended 'For I am the living God , I am the Truth and the Light and the Love. And I Eamon De Valera shall paraphrase those words, not as a man God,but as a man of God s word.'For whosoever does not does ~~xxxxxxxx~~ believe in me enough to have faith that and keep peace in Eire
I can win Katleen's unity bythe Truth alone,but by lies and catchphrases and bullets,let him speak now and I will step down from the Dail and let him take over. But let him know that after I step down I will ~~xxxxx~~ kneel down in prayer for the soul of Katleen who will surely wander in Hell for all eternity,if her battle ~~is~~ to be fought with lies and bullets and blood.

For the angel in the bog,who took the ~~thee~~ most sacred and beloved symbols of Empire will do unto them as done unto Eire. And if Eire shoots first It will be a suicide shot for it will start the sprk that will fire the world and disintegrate the Emerald Isle from the Face of the Earth.For if Eire shoots in anger,England will shoot back on principle and the angel will be forced to keep his word and shoot the smbolic trio and then a grief stricken queen who is also a mother,will say the word that will unleash the Hell Bomb on Dublin and the Angels work of truth and love will be taken over by the Devil's word of lies and hate. And don't think the aliens won't try to make it the work of the devil. They will take advantage of the first ~~thhree~~ letters of my name and call me Devil Era. And when they drop the Hell bomb, they will say that it is the beginning of the Devil Era caused by the machinati of myself and a third party,the mysterious Gormac. And do not be surprised either if they try to link the initials in the bog angel's name to that of a Steppe Devils.They will take the G and the M in Gormac and try to ~~make~~ them stand for Georgi Malenkov and say that we have entered into a devil's pact togehter to dissuolute the unity of the Un with is not true unity but a unity of toothpicks held together by a very weak glue. I tell you Sons of Destiny,that as God is my Witness,Georgi Malenkow and Gormac are not the same,One is on the side of the truth and the other on the side of lies, and I,the ~~teeshuhk~~ of Eire would ~~die~~ whose initials are the same as the first

three in Devil will die by my own hand and let my blood soak the shamrock and the ground in which it grows, which is the body of my queen Katleen, before I would hold my hand out to the Devil of the Steppes and desert the Angel of the Bog." De Valera sat down and Sean Mac Bride got up and took his place.

"Sons of Destiny I, Sean Mac Bride, wish to tell the teeshuck in my own way, how I feel. I wish to propose a toast without a glass. May I borrow your rosary, Dev. if I may. "

De Valera gave Mac Bride the rosary and he stepped back faced the Sinn Finn and said." I have no glass of spirits in my hand, but I have a crucifix in my palm instead. with it I propose this toast." Slainte na h Eireann, Slainte na h De Valera, Slainte na h Gormac." Health of Kathleen, Health of the teeshuck and health of the angel." He made the sign of the cross with the crucifix and sat down. The Sons of Destiny neams blow the glass out of the windows with the sound waves from their applause. It was so loud that when the telephone on teeshuck's desk rang it was heard by himself as if it were a churchbell sounding through a storm. He picked it and said. "This is Dail Eireann De Valera of the Dail Eireann speaking.

"This is Katie O'Halloran of Belfast speaking. Is it true what i heard, from the voice of the Harp, Did the Duke visit the Senachie of Donegal with a note that he translated ?"

"It is said De Valera.

"And is it true also that the note told of an angel stealing into Buckingham Palace and flying off with the children of two English queens, one reigning and the other now dowager?" and both named Elizabeth?"

"It is that, too," said the teeshuck.

"Wirra is truagh, Wirra is truagh. Mary tis pity, Mary tis pity." Said Katie O(hollaran, "That he didn't do it when there was only one Elizabeth. Why did he wait so long?"

"We do not question the motives of angel," Said Eamon De Valera. "We only accept what they send to us from Heaven."

"And this time they sent us a hot potato. So hot that it is almost radioactive."

"And that's no word of a lie, Mr. De Valera, no word of a lie at all. Our beloved Roisin may soon lose her beautiful black hair as a reaction from a fatal dose of radiation burns if we do not take careful precautions

against it. And have you taken any yet, sir."

"A Few" said the Teeshuck of Eire.

"And what are they?" Said Katie O'. Hollorhan of Belfast.

"I have alerted the Galeic League, the friendly sons of st. patrick, the ro
yal sons of st. patrick and the clan na gael." Said Mr. De Valera

"Well, said Katie O'Hollargan, "Tha to the chief of the sons of Destiny.
That's a good start, but it's not enough we must do more for our
queen, I have an idea, Mr. De Valera, would you like to hear it?"

"I would."

"Well here it is. Let's alert the woman of these organizations and let
them pass the word along. Woman can never keep a secret and once the word
gets out about the shawdow cloud of the H Bomb overs over the Dark Head of our
beloved Kathleen daughter of Houlan, the (Gaelic for Daughters of Destiny) will rise
up and do everything they can to remove that cloud so that the
natural shine will shine through and Katleen will again be revealed in the
true glory of her inner self."

That's a good idea Katie O'hollarhan, but how do you intend to carry
it out."

I have a friend in a city across the ~~Irish sea and the Atlantic ocean~~
that ~~is called~~ the City of Destiny and she has the blood of Kathleen in her
veins too. A daughter of Detroit in county Wayne Michigan will help the
Sinn fein of Dublin in co.....Eire. And I811 do my part too. For instead of Keenan
and myself twanging the Harp in Donegal with the senachie suggested, we'll
come to Dublin and sing Rosin Bubh's song from the office's of the Dail
Eireann, and I811 suggest to the senacy that he get in touch with his sagents
in America and twang the harp on a speaking tour, Do you approve of the
idea Mr. De Valera."

I dothat, Said Mr. De Valera.

"Thank you then I'll hang up now and make a few more phone calls.
Good bye and pray that the lines are clear and pray too that the Duke hits
a few air pockets, not enough nothing to hurt him of course, just enough to delay him
in his flight to the palace."

"I have my hand on my beads now . Gaelic for blessing
The teeshuck hung up the phone and said to the sein finn, Women,

Bem Haven
8037 Robson
Detroit, 28, Michigan
February 3, 1953

To the Tall Saucerian, greetings from the flu-ridden denizen of lower Detroit (just two and one half miles above the world renown Ford Rouge Plant, a sight every visitor to this city should see, including those from Desert Springs and elsewhere.)

Thank you for the copy of Blessed Mother Goose. It is a fine addition to Donny's growing library. His mother will enjoy reading it to him. Thanks for the copies of "Your Life". Mrs. Bruckner sent me an acknowledgement to the letter that made me very glad that I wrote it. I know she will be pleased to receive your words of encouragement.

For the past two weeks, I thought I had been chosen as the site for an unfriendly invasion from outer space, but I found out that I had just become the stamping ground for a colony of flu viruses. Boy, if this was a mild case, I'd hate to have a severe case of influenza! That 1918 epidemic must have been horrible. Thanks to today's advancements in medicine, nobody died but we were all very dragged out and still feel droopy. Even Donny came down with it, although he had been sent to stay with his Godparents in the hope of avoiding it. He comes home tomorrow after living like a lord for the past two weeks.

It will be somewhat of a comedown for him to have to give up his pleasure of breakfast in bed and bedside television. Maybe Blessed Mother Goose will help cushion the shock. He likes to have me read stories to him, and he should get a lot of pleasure from your expert verse. Donny will never miss the conventional Mother Goose. His mother enjoyed Buck Rogers much more than Mother Goose. (It had a lot more imaginative stimuli than the trite about a boy sticking his thumb in a pie and pulling out a plum or the girl who was frightened by a spider. To a young child, such sloppy manners and unsanitary eating conditions are hardly to be encouraged.)

Do you remember the reference to something delightful and unexpected' that was supposed to come to Virgo around the 19th of January? Well, it came alright but it wasn't delightful. I got switched from my floor. After eighteen months of working with the finest nurse in the hospital and with the best patients, the sepia complexioned gentlemen on Kiefer's sixth floor, the top whitecapped brass put me on relief. Mrs. Willis was quite upset because she said I was the only person who understood her and put up with her peculiarities, we're both Virgo and have the same idiosyncracies, She made me feel good because she is slow to praise but sincere, and when she told me that she liked me, she meant it.

The only delightful thing about being on relief is a lightened sense of responsibility and the chance to mix with a lot of interesting personalities. Even so, such events are stimulating My interest in Astrology. According to the stars the following should happen to Virgo... Revenue yielding routines... heightened esteem (Does this mean the world will recognize my true genuis? Gad! What a thought)... welcome visitors (could they be the little men?)... special privelges (?).. property benefits (???)... and meeting with a celebrity (I Hope you are the celebrity. It would be interesting to see the reaction that occurs upon a personal introduction. You might get quite a charge out of coming face to face with a character who nearly went off her orbit as a result of reading BH the FS. A writer never knows what type of customer will read his product. Some of them are very odd. You might consider meeting such a critter as an educational experience. Seriously, I hope that part of the starcast is true, for I would like very much the man who became the first member of my devoted public, perhaps the only member too.)

It would be nice to ~~dreamxx~~ become famous and have a large and devoted public and if such a dream comes true you would be the number one member. But enough of such conceited daydreams, let us get to the point of this communication.

Guess what's making newsleads again, and on the very first day after the inaugaration? I have a few clippings for you. Isn't it odd the way those saucers stay out of the way while political issues are at the high tension level. Isn't it also odd the way they come around when things cool off? The gremlin grapevine has indicated that there will be some more of such sightings to keep the winter leads from getting too cold. They will also give Dr. Menzel a time trying to explain them away. Midsummer madness and air inversion layers are not going to help as excuses for winter sightings. You may get another mess of clippings before the first thaw. One of these days we may even get a slightly stale and overdue announcement from the Air Force.

Here is the data on the enclosed clippings.

1. Detroit Free Press-1/28/53
2. Detroit Times..1/30/53 (Did your vicinity report any such sightings?)
3. Detroit Free Press... 2/1/53
4. Detroit News.. 1/30/53
5. Detroit Times..1/27/53
6. Detroit News.. 1.26/53
7. Detroit News.. 1/21/53

As they come along, they will be sent to you from your faithful Detroit correspondent and clipping collector,

M. Monis

PS. I hope this letter finds you and yours in good health and a safe distance from the flu bugs.

as usual the typing is sloppy, but this time there's an excuse for it. I've been sick.